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PUCK



"COME ON IN, JOHN! THE WATER'S FINE!"



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Cartoons and Comments

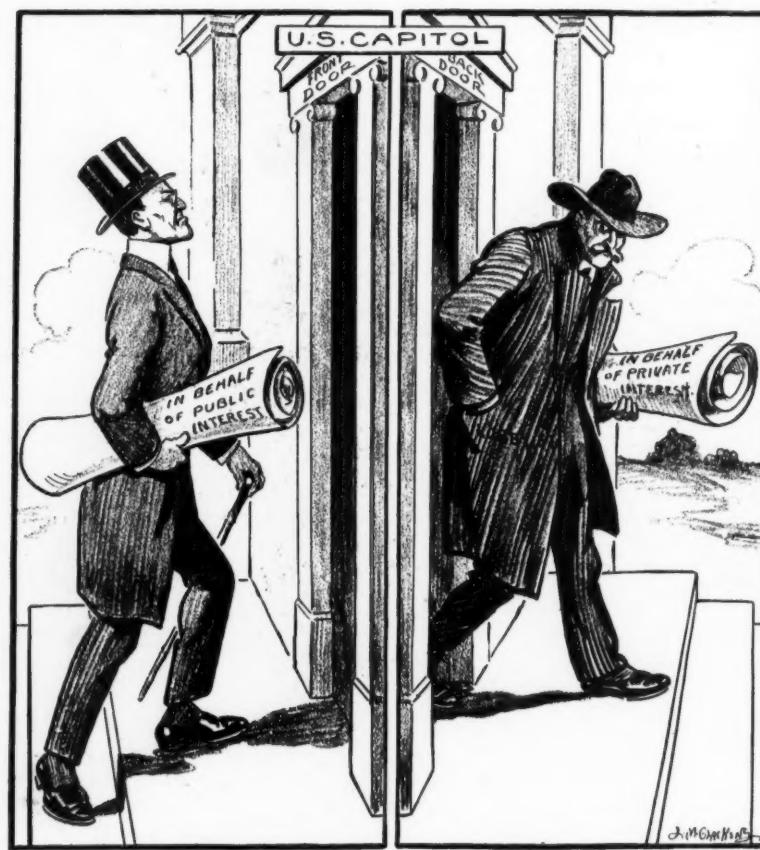
THE PERFECT PRESIDENT. **S**AD to say, President WILSON is not meeting with the unqualified approval of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. This quiet and retiring person, this journalistic recluse, thinks that Mr. WILSON is "seeking newspaper notoriety." He has other shortcomings, too, it seems, but this one will suffice for the present. By incurring the displeasure of Mr. HEARST, Mr. WILSON is but enjoying one of the perquisites of his high office. It is the privilege of all Presidents to be attacked by WILLIAM RANDOLPH MCKINLEY, among other things, was "a tyrant, reddening his hands in the blood of the poor." Colonel ROOSEVELT was always in Hearstian hot water. Quite recently Mr. TAFT was "a man of straw." Mr. HEARST was not prominent in journalism during either of CLEVELAND's administrations, but enough has since appeared in his papers to indicate that he strongly disapproved of CLEVELAND on many occasions. In fact, as has been hinted before, there is but one perfect President, and he unfortunately has never been elected. His name is WILLIAM RA——, but no; to mention his name would distress him.

REFUSING to speak to it from "an isolated island," President WILSON went to Congress very much in person, and the wise men of Washington are unanimous in the belief that he will go again. Why should n't he? President WILSON goes to the Capitol as the chief representative of the people of the United States. His business there is public business. It is done in the open, and everywhere are open doors. If there can be such a thing as "the people's lobby," and lobby-

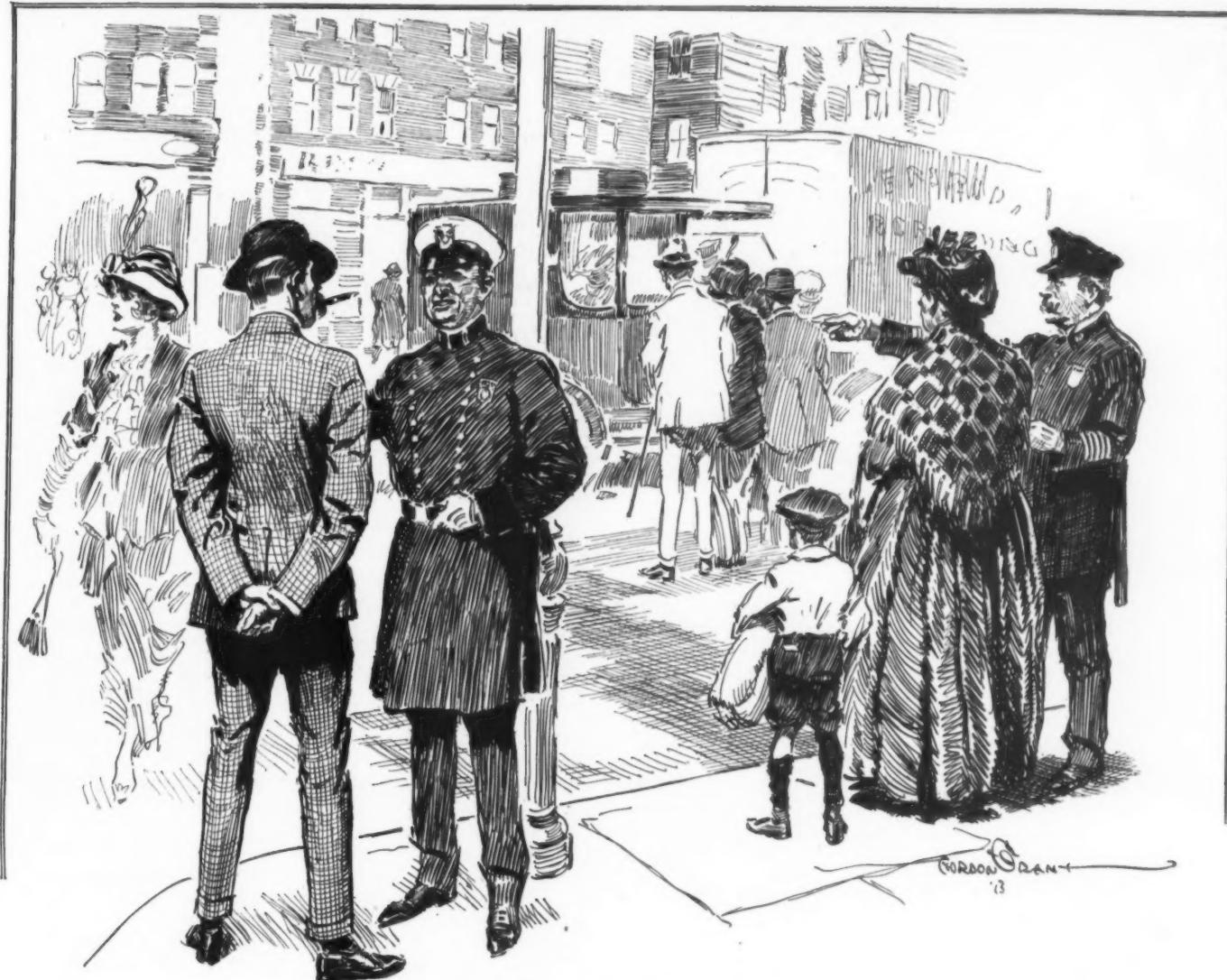
ing can be carried on in outspoken tones and without secrecy, then may it be said of the President that he is "lobbying" for the people who elected him. Surely, in this capacity, the President has as much right at the Capitol as the paid representatives of private interests. There has never been any lack of them in the immediate neighborhood of Congress. Some of them have even been admitted to committee rooms, sometimes actually employed in clerical capacity by Congressional committees. Lobbyists of this type are in Washington now, plenty of them, working night and day to get something out of the Government for this or that

special interest. They work in secret. The President works in the open. They labor in behalf of private employers. The President works in behalf of the public. They would be afraid, panic-stricken, at the mere thought of addressing Congress frankly and in open session. President WILSON seeks to address it in no other way. By all means let Congress repudiate anyone who tries to interfere with its functions as a law-making body, oath-bound in the public service. But which type of visitor shall go?

A RICH man has mighty little fun these days. He is apt to have the most unpleasant experiences just when he thinks he is enjoying himself. In the old days, a banquet at the Waldorf or other uptown hotel was a joyous affair "after the cigars were lighted." The diners, full of high-class food and drink, sat back in their chairs and listened to the quips of CHAUNCEY DEPEW or of JOSEPH CHOATE. The speeches were as sparkling and as effervescent as the wine which preceded them. Vice-President MARSHALL has a different idea of an after-dinner speech. He exhibited it at the banquet of the National Democratic Club, and his speech neither sparkled nor effervesced. He delivered a warning to men of wealth that "the temper of the country had almost reached the breaking-point with regard to them." He spoke plainly, so plainly as to come in the "kill-joy" class. What he said had been said many times before, but for an after-dinner speech it was brand-new material. It had for the diners none of the quieting ingredients of a digestive tablet. If speeches of the MARSHALL sort are to become general at banquets, the job of toastmaster will soon go a-begging.



RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.



PUZZLE PICTURE: FIND THE HONEST COP.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.



HADY VISITOR.—Yes, I observe evidences of wonderful progress since I lived on earth, but have you solved the high cost of living?

HOST.—Long since. We no longer worry with traders. Furbank of California discovered a combination of soils whereby we can raise any manner of fruit, vegetable, or bean in our own kitchens in a few minutes by simply planting the seed. The Knockfellow Institute manufactures a tissue-growing solution into which we can put a bit of beef and in five minutes take out a large porterhouse steak. One may now purchase an artificial hen that will produce eggs as desired, or a machine that makes sweet butter by transposing the elements of air and water.

SHADY VISITOR.—Wonderful! And what have the eugenists done?

HOST.—Marvels! They have given Nature a black eye, and shown her where to get off. They now conduct baby factories where an infant can be manufactured according to order, and delivered by parcel-post within twenty-four hours. Of course, only pure chemicals are used, and hence the product is free from all manner of human weakness. It is the long-hoped-for perfect race.

SHADY VISITOR.—Then you have no use for doctors?

HOST.—Indeed, no! Disease and doctors have both been banished. We only retain a few surgeons in case a man loses his head or heart or lungs and must have them replaced.

SHADY VISITOR.—The Millennium at last! How happy all must be.

HOST.—Yes, to live is bliss.

SHADY VISITOR.—And you have no more problems to be solved?

HOST.—Only one—the Tariff. Now, you see, Schedule K—

SHADY VISITOR.—Excuse me, my dear fellow! I believe I just heard a cock crow.

G. W. Parker.

PECULIAR TO NEWSPAPERDOM.

"**M**OST peculiar accident, you know," said Blobbs. "The papers all say that the victim is resting uncomfortably!"



THE RICH MAN'S IDEAL OF SOCIALISM.

*N*othing is more injudicious than to give your honest opinion when it is specifically asked for.



THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

"We are being robbed!" Whittler's face came into the room with a mass of household bills in his hand.
"Yes," he continued, "it is all quite plain. The butcher and the grocer, those twin grafters of our modern civilization, have been getting the best of you. A few cents here, a few cents there, constantly applied, make a difference of at least thirty dollars a month—fully that. Thirty dollars a month is three hundred and sixty a year. In ten years this is three thousand and six hundred dollars. At compound interest it would be double."

Mrs. Whittler pouted.

"I know all about it!" she exclaimed. "If I had time to go to market every morning and watch the meat trimmed, of course I could save. Or if I could buy my groceries at a department store. But, dear me, I have so much to do!"

Whittler stopped her with a gesture.

"Now, my dear girl," he replied, "don't say any more. I understand. Women never know how to economize their time, anyway. But I have a plan."

He advanced almost threateningly in his enthusiasm.

"I will buy these things myself. Thirty, forty, maybe fifty dollars a month, is worth saving."

"Oh, you can't do that!" cried Mrs. Whittler. "Why, you wouldn't know what to get."

Her husband raised his hand. There was an illuminating smile on his face.

"Has it occurred to you, my dear," he said with a forced mildness, "that there are paper and pencils in the world. Very well. Write down your list every morning. I will take it, and with my business experience I will buy the goods—"

Whittler here waved his arm grandly.

"—in the open markets of the world."

"But I was about to remind you that—"

"Is there any harm in trying? I will show you. We will begin to-morrow morning. Have your list ready by seven-thirty."

"All right," said Mrs. Whittler. "I will consult the cook and make it out at once. Only,"—she pursed her lips—"you must be sure to get just what I order."

"Certainly. That's understood."

The next morning, in his pocket Mrs. Whittler's neatly written list, which included a rib-roast, a sirloin steak, certain well-known vegetables, and certain other staple groceries, Whittler started off.

And all day long Mrs. Whittler waited for his return.

At last, just at dusk, there was a rattle of wheels outside and a hurried movement in front. She sprang to the door. Her husband was busily engaged in lugging two market-baskets up the steps from an imposing-looking vehicle.

"Thought I'd better take a cab," he said. "I can afford it," he puffed. "Just wait and see what I've saved."

He tugged the baskets into the dining-room.

"I can tell you, my dear," he said, "this has been a great day for us. Why, the difference in prices is simply wonderful. Look at this magnificent roast!"

He held up a gigantic piece of meat.

"How much does it weigh?" asked Mrs. Whittler suspiciously.

"Weigh! Let's see. Here's the bill. Fifteen pounds at twenty-two cents. We've been paying twenty-four."

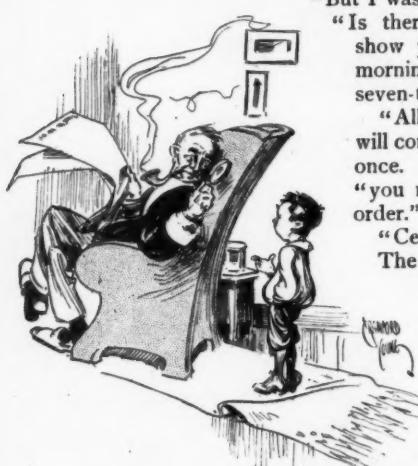
"But, my dear, I put it down on the list not to weigh over eight pounds," Whittler smiled.

"Of course you did," he replied. "That's no economy. When you get a piece of meat like that you can't have enough of it. Think of what we can have—cold roast-beef, beef croquettes, roast-beef hash, beef soup, eh? We won't have to buy any more meat for a week."

"Look here!" exclaimed Mrs. Whittler, on her investigating tour among the parcels. "I did n't order frankfurters."

She disclosed a paper stuffed with pale sausages.

"Of course not. Why should you? You never go to market. You don't see the latest things. Do you realize that by getting those frankfurters for sixty cents we have a delicious meal in place of something else that would have been twice as expensive?"



JUST AS GOOD.

SON.—Pa, gimme a dime to see th' big snake in th' menagerie.

PA.—Here's a reading-glass, son. Take it and go look at an angle-worm!



"HE ALWAYS GETS INTO HIS EVENING CLOTHES AT SIX O'CLOCK."

By this time Mrs. Whittler had been undoing the other parcels.

"Sardines!" she cried. "I did n't—"

"They were having a sale. Wonderful bargain. Chance of a lifetime."

"Kippered herring!"

"Only a few lots left. I got there just in the nick of time."

"Hot-house grapes—"

"Just a little gift for you. Are n't they simply great!"

"How much did you spend altogether?"

"Here's the whole thing footed up—twenty-four dollars and fifty cents, including the cab."

"Well, I must say you are a wonderful provider. Now let us have dinner." Mrs. Whittler said no more. The things were put away in the store-room. The table was set. They both sat down.

"Are you hungry?" asked Mrs. Whittler.

"Starved! Especially after this day's work." His eyes glistened.

"Let's have some of those things," he suggested.

"Certainly. Olives?"

"Yes."

"And some of the relishes?"

"Yes, yes."

"And the fruit, the jam, the nuts, and the raisins?"

"Yes."



FORETHOUGHT.

MOTHER.—Mabel, why do you take two pieces of cake?

MABEL.—'Cause, Ma, you told me not to ask twice for it!



A NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

OWNER OF HOUSE.—How soon will this job be finished?

PLUMBER'S ASSISTANT.—Just as soon as business picks up, Boss!

Mrs. Whittler gave the order, and in addition to their regular dinner a number of the most tempting things he had bought were placed before her famished husband. She watched him impatiently.

As the dinner neared its end he became strangely silent.

"My dear," he said at last, as he cracked a last nut, "I suppose we could have gotten along without some of those things."

Mrs. Whittler leaned forward.

"Let me ask you a question," she said. "When did you buy them?"

"About four o'clock."

"You were hungry, were n't you?"

"I began to be when I saw them in the market."

"And you ordered everything that appealed to your appetite?"

"I guess I did."

"You would n't do it now?"

Whittler groaned.

"I never want to see another thing to eat," he muttered.

His wife arose. She bent forward slightly and looked at him seriously.

"Don't say that, Henry," she replied. "Do you realize that your task is only just begun?"

"What do you mean?"

"This: That most of the things you got to-day are perishable. You must eat them up to save them. My dear, for several days we will have to stuff. There is no help for it."

Whittler sank back in his chair.

"But, good heavens," he murmured, "I simply can't. I'm full! It will kill me. I've eaten so much now that it will take me three days to get over it. What an ass I was! But say,"—he looked at his wife appealingly,—"I tell you what. Let's give a party! Let's ask in all the neighbors. It will be a grand opportunity to pay back old scores."

"Very well," said Mrs. Whittler calmly. "But to do that we shall have to furnish some kind of entertainment. We can't simply ask them to eat up these things. We shall have to have cards."

"All right. That's the thing."

"Which will mean prizes—say three dollars for two."

"All right."

In the matter of our debt to Posterity, most of us are willing to let it run along until Posterity can do its own collecting.

"And a few flowers for the table—those are about the only things you did n't get. Then, of course, we shall have to hire chairs."

"Have n't we chairs enough?"

"Certainly not. You forget, my dear, that we shall have to invite enough people to eat up all the things you've ordered, and as you know, that's a lot. Say five tables."

Whittler got up. There was a look of supreme resolution on his face.

"As I understand the matter," he said, "there are just three things for us to do: First, to kill ourselves with indigestion eating up those things in order to save them. Second, to ask a lot of people in at an additional expense to do this for us. Third, to give 'em away to the poor and retain our health."

"That seems to be about it."

"Then we'll do the third thing and try to forget it. What a fool I've made of myself! It was bad enough not to confine myself to that list, but to select the hungriest time of day—Oh!"

"Any other man would have done the same thing, my dear. You are all alike."

T. L. M.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends,—
And hats and shoes do, too,—there's no escape;
Not only do the latter shape our ends
But equally with truth they end our shape.

WRONG ONES.

MAMMA (*at amateur entertainment*).—Hush, Willie, the violinist is trying her strings.
WILLIE (*aloud*).—Then, while she's at it, why don't she fix them that show in back?

DOUBTLESS there would be a great deal more kicking in this world if some people were not too lazy to do it.

THE strange bedfellows which politics makes are as a precaution inclined to sleep with their clothes on.



THE LADY COP'S SIDE-DOOR.

PUCK



"AND THERE'S THE BUNNIES' PAPA."

VENUS TRANSFORMED.

WHEN gazing on thy cubic form,

Thy rhomboid eyes and hair,
I wish thou hadst approached the norm
And been less on the square.

In the rectangle of thy face
Love lieth flat and dead,
And in thy block I find no trace
Of thy once lovely head.

Old Euclid would discern in thee
Some geometric charms,
And might *pons asinorum* see
In thy divergent arms.

But I, in lips and cheek and bust,
For beauty seek in vain,
For what was soft and rounded must
Be now considered plane.

This transformation has, I vow,
With passion played the deuce,
Since every lovely curve is now
A mere hypotenuse!

W. H. Ostrander.

"WHY, JOSEPH!"

"**Y**ES, sir," said the chesty individual, with the bombastic voice, "I have crossed the Atlantic, going and coming, forty-four times, and have been on other waters, and I never yet was what you might call seasick. I have felt just a little uncomfortable at times, and—"

"Why, Joseph!" butts in the wife of his bosom. "You know that you had to go to your stateroom in less than half-an-hour after we left the wharf when we crossed the English Channel last summer, and no one saw you again until the boat had docked, and—"

"Oh, I did that to sort of ward off anything like seasickness, for it was devilish rough. But to get what you might call downright seasick is something I don't know anything about, for—"

Those people who habitually live beyond their means are a great comfort to the neighbors when they have to call a halt.

"Why, Joseph! You did n't come to the table for three days, and you could n't eat a thing I carried to you last fall when we were coming over, and—"

"Well, I was tired out more than anything else after the strenuous summer we had put in on the Continent, and I thought I'd just take the opportunity of getting a good rest."

"Why, Joseph! You were a kind of a pea-green color all the time, and sometimes when I went to your berth to see if I could do anything for you, you looked so much like a dead man I nearly fainted."

"I was all played out, but as for being what you could really call seasick, it was nothing of the sort. I've stayed right on deck when the boat was rolling and pitching, and nine-tenths of the passengers were all doubled up in their berths with seasickness."

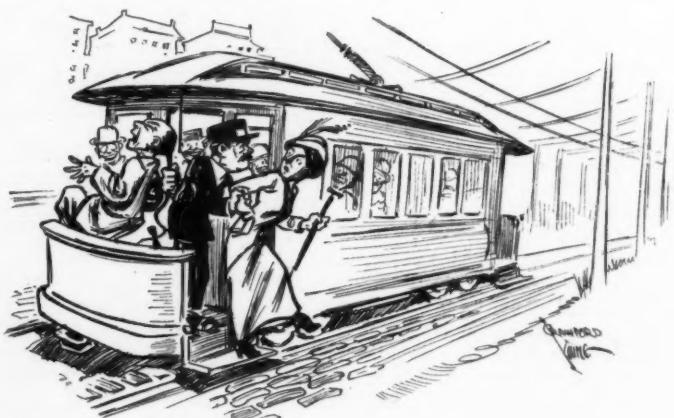
"Why, Joseph! You were about the only one who *couldn't* stay on deck that summer, six or seven years ago, when we were going over in dog-day weather. Don't you remember how it took three of the other men passengers to get you to your stateroom, and you felt so awfully you would n't be undressed for two days and two nights? I guess I have cause to remember all about it if you have forgotten it, for your language every time I offered you even a cracker was something—"

"Oh, that wasn't seasickness. It was that infernal dog-day muggishness, that is as apt to knock one out at sea as well as on land. That was all. As I say, I never was really seasick in the forty-four times that I—"

"Why, Joseph! If you weren't really sick why did they have to carry you off the boat on a stretcher that time when we went to the West Indies in that little boat that nearly turned somersaults every time a little wave struck it? Don't you remember how you fell out of your berth and hit your nose on a corner of our steamer-trunk, and you were lying there on the stateroom floor so gory when I went in that I screamed for help because I thought you had cut your throat in your desperation? You remember that, I am sure, Joseph. Then I don't see how you can forget that time when we were away out on Lake Superior, and a high wind blew for forty-eight hours, and you were so sick you were out of your head, and you staggered up on deck in your pajamas, and I never was so shocked in my life! Don't you remember how I ran and threw my steamer-rug around you and screamed for help, and how— Where you going, Joseph? Out to mail an important letter? Well, don't forget to come back. One of the most forgetful men I ever saw. But he can't make me think that he has forgotten that he was ever seasick. Men are so funny!"

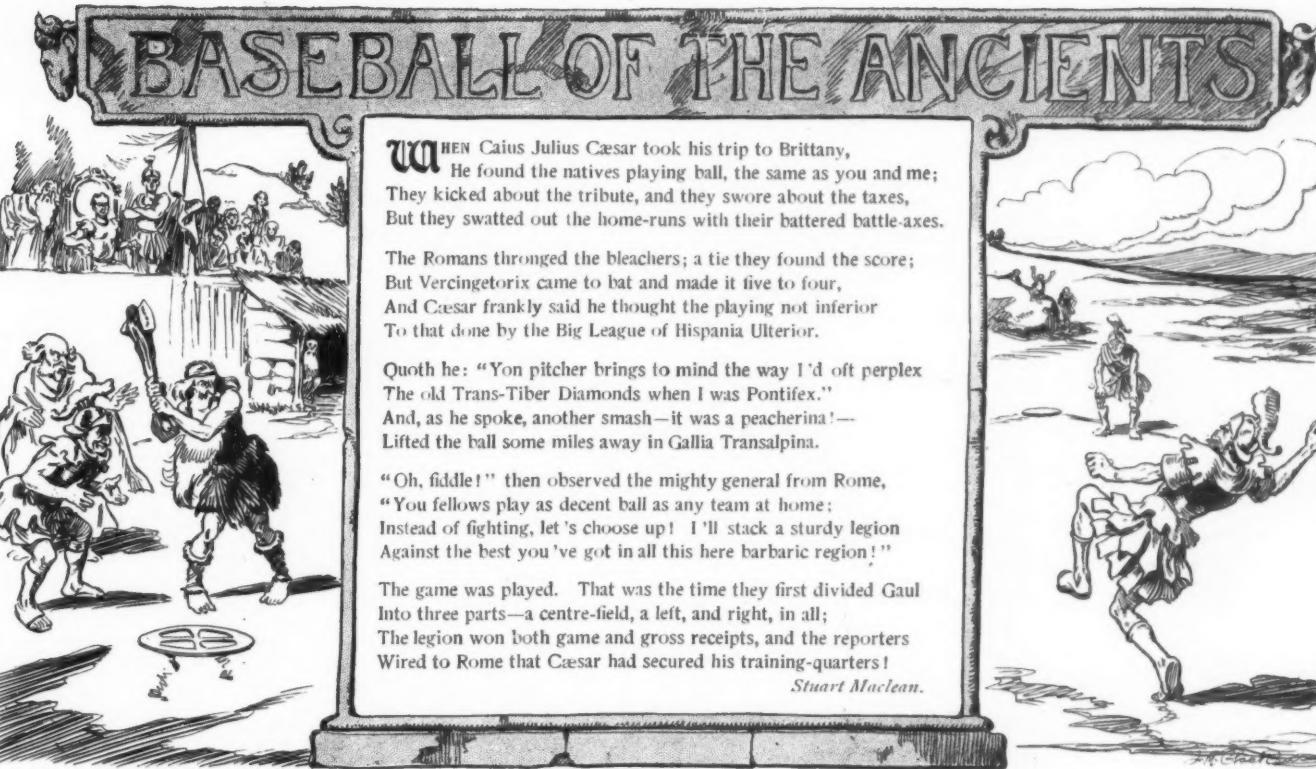
Max Merryman.

IF PEOPLE do not give greater heed to the still, small voice it must be for the reason that Conscience is admittedly far from being an altogether pleasing conversationalist.



A STRONG PULL.

CAREFUL CONDUCTOR.—Wait till the car stops, madam. I have rung the bell.



THE HEART-BREAKERS.

BURLESON gave his four-in-hand a last nervous tug and reached in the wrong bureau drawer for a handkerchief. He wiggled into his ulster; his right fist caught the sleeve lining and ripped it on the way down. He ransacked his brain for some excuse that he could 'phone her, but could n't think of anything that would sound plausible. So he squared his shoulders, grabbed his derby, and bolted.

When he had walked the ten blocks in the crisp air, and as he started up the steps of her father's house, his fear had no whit abated. Have you ever been about to propose to a girl? Then you can sympathize with Billy Burleson.

The girl herself admitted him. She was decidedly a pretty girl. As Burleson looked at her he realized that fact fully—but it did not tend to reassure him.

His realization of her beauty—of the glory of her auburn hair, of the splendor of her bright blue eyes, of the perfection of her profile—did not assuage his fear. As he took her hand his trembled.

They seated themselves on a leather settee. Postponing the ordeal, but prolonging his agony, he talked to her of books, of music, of art, of economics, of politics, of history, of science, of religion, of the theatre. And all the while in his heart he was afraid.

At last, inspired by a bit of courage, he took her hand. "Alice," he said, "I've been calling on you regularly for three years."

She did not deny the statement. He felt his backbone chill.

He continued: "During these three years I've learned to know you; and knowing you is nothing less than loving you." He had to admit to himself that this was pretty fair. "I love you, Alice dear. I'm in love with you!" He watched her face anxiously. She blushed. Trembling, he put his arm around her and kissed her cheek.

"I want you to marry me!" he concluded, rather boldly.

Then he became afraid in dead earnest. He awaited her answer as a prisoner hangs on the verdict of a jury.

When she spoke at last, her voice

was marvelously tender. "Oh, Billy! I'm so sorry!" she said. "I'm not in love with you, Billy, I do not care for you in that way!"

"Don't you think you could learn to care for me, Alice?" he asked hopefully.

"Never, Billy," she declared, positively. "Oh, we've been such good friends, you and I, these three years. I will be a real sister to you, Billy dear."

He swallowed, and sighed audibly. "I'll never recover from this," he stated sadly.

"You'll not take to drink, Billy?" she asked, deeply concerned. "Will you promise me?" Dutifully he promised.

"And you'll not allow this to make you bitter in your heart?"

"I'll try, Alice," he murmured. Hastily and silently he slipped into his ulster with the torn sleeve, secured his derby, grasped her lovely white hand in farewell, and slipped out into the cold, black night.

Half an hour later he walked into his bachelor apartment and switched on the light. He stepped to the library table and hunted around in the dust. He picked up the morning paper and re-read a thumbed paragraph in the Questions and Answers on "Advice to the Worried:"

BILLY: — If you have been calling on the young lady steadily for three years she expects you to ask her hand in marriage. A man wrongs a girl when he monopolizes her time without having matrimony in view. It is your duty to propose to her, even if, as you say, you prefer a bachelor's life to a benedict's.

He lighted his briar and walked to the mantel. He looked at his grinning reflection in the mirror. "Gee! But you're a lucky dog," he told himself. "You sure are a lucky dog!" *Donald A. Kahn.*

QUICK ACTION.

HE (*deeply religious*).—Would you like to see our new altar? **SHE.**—Lead me to it. And so they were married.

"**D**OES your husband run after the women?" "Yes. He's been a cook-chaser for years," said Mrs. Suburbs, composedly.



"PRESENT AR-R-R-MS!"
THE KINGFISH REVIEWS HIS ARMY OCTOPUS.

PUC



THE PUCK PRESS

THE FINANCIER.

MORGAN AND P

PUCK



N AND POSTERITY.

THE PATRON OF ART.

SHE DIDN'T GET IT.



HERE was a look of irritation on the face of the angular and middle-aged lady who had been waiting more than an hour by a letter-box waiting for the arrival of the postman who was to collect the mail. When he at last appeared from around the corner she greeted him with the pointedly ironical remark:

"You postmen don't collect the mail oftener than once a week, do you? I been standing here until I am nearly frozen. I want to get my letter back."

"What letter, ma'am?"

"A letter I dropped into the box that I don't want to go. I been thinking over a certain matter the letter refers to, and I have concluded that I don't want the letter to go, so you open the box and give it to me quick as you can."

"I can't do that, lady."

"You can't? You mean that you can't open the box?"

"I can open the box all right, but I can't give you back the letter."

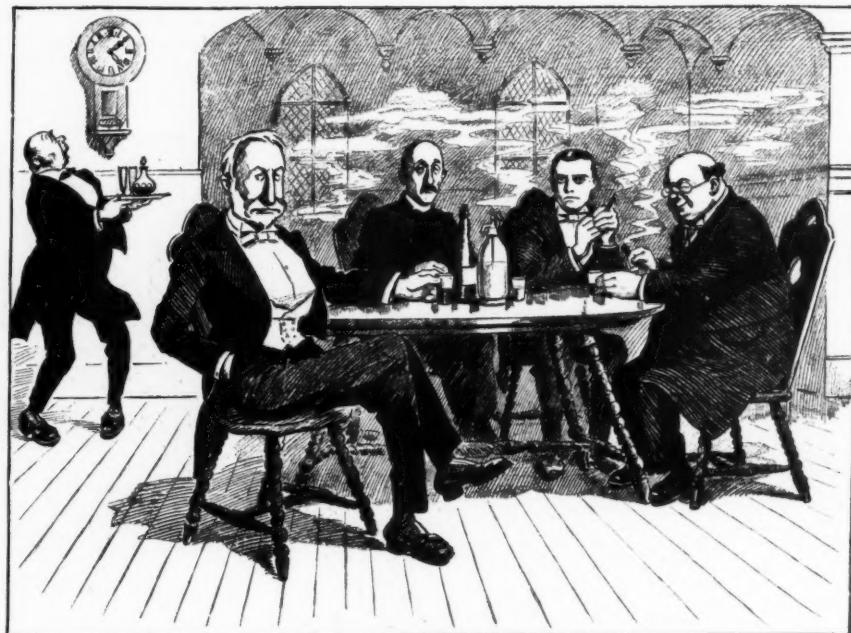
"Well, I like that! You can't give me back my own letter? It's mine, isn't it?"

"It belongs to Uncle Sam after it gets into that box and until it is in the hands of the person you addressed it to, lady."

"Bosh! You reckon I'm going to stand for any such nonsense as that? A great idea that I can't have my own letter back! I can show you which letter it is if you doubt my word. It is in a lavender-tinted envelope with my monogram on the flap, and—"

"I ain't denying that you put the letter into the box. I'm simply telling you that I have no authority to give it back to you. You'll have to go to the postoffice and see the postmaster if you want the letter."

"Of all the nonsensical nonsense ever spoken that is the limit! Why, it's a good two miles from here to the postoffice, and I have n't any money with me for car-fare, for I live only a block or two away and have just come down here to get my letter, and I want it right away."



PUZZLE PICTURE.

"There's one good thing about a club. You don't have to worry about those puritanical one-o'clock closing orders."

"Sorry, lady, but I have no discretion in the matter, and I can't give you the letter."

"You needn't be afraid of me telling on you. I guess I know when to talk or when to keep still."

"Then you'd better keep still now, or you might get arrested for trying to get a postman to break the law."

"Break nothing! I don't believe that it is the law, and if it is the law it is such a fool law that it ought to be broken. The idea that I can't have back my own letter! I can prove to you that it is mine. I'll go into this apothecary shop with you and write the same address that's on the letter, and you will see that the handwriting is the same as that on the letter. I can prove that—"

"That is n't the point, lady."

I don't doubt that there is a letter in the box that you wrote, but I could n't give them to you if all the letters in that box were yours. It's against the law to—"

"The Jaw go hang! That letter is mine, and— See here, young man, I am the wife of a prominent lawyer, and you may find yourself in trouble if you don't give me that letter! More than that, I have an own brother in a government position in Washington! He is a man 'way up in his position, and I guess if he went to see President Wilson about this something would happen. I guess I know my rights, and if you— there it is! It's that letter in the lavender-tinted envelope just as I said it was, and there is n't another letter in a lavender-tinted envelope in the box and—"

"Hands off, lady! Don't you touch that letter!"

"Sir! Do you know who you are speaking to? You will find out to your sorrow, sir! The idea of a lady who can prove—and you flatly refuse to give me my own letter? Very well, sir, you shall suffer for this! I will take this matter up with the President myself, sir! Take my letter away if you will, but you would n't if there was a policeman in sight! If you think that—you have n't heard the last of this, sir! I'll let you know that—the impudent thing to go off grinning like that! He'll grin on the other side of his face before I'm done with him, see if he does n't!"

Max Merryman.



A SAD CASE.

SYMPATHETIC LADY.—Poor man! How did you lose the use of your legs and your eyesight?

BEGGAR.—I lost de use o' me legs riding in taxicabs, and me eyesight watching de taximeters!



AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

THE PUP.—Gee! Suppose she should go mad and bite me!

Misfortunes, alas, do not come alone, but often that is the fault of the victim who brings two or three together.



THE STATE OF MIND.

BOY.—There ain't never been no fish in that there pond, Mister.
ANGLER.—Could n't you keep it to yourself? Now you've spoiled my day's fishing!

SUBURBAN COMFORTS.

(SOUTHEY PACIFIED.)

"You are old, Father William!" the young man cried,
"And your features are pallid and gray;
You're asleep, Father William, and yawn at your work;
Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"I've a 'bungalow home,'" Father William replied,
"In a suburb that's advertised well;
And I daily arise for the five-o'clock train
To commute from the place where I dwell."

"You are sad, Father William!" the young man cried,
"And theatres you never are at;
Refusing my present of orchestra seats—
Now, wotinel made you do that?"

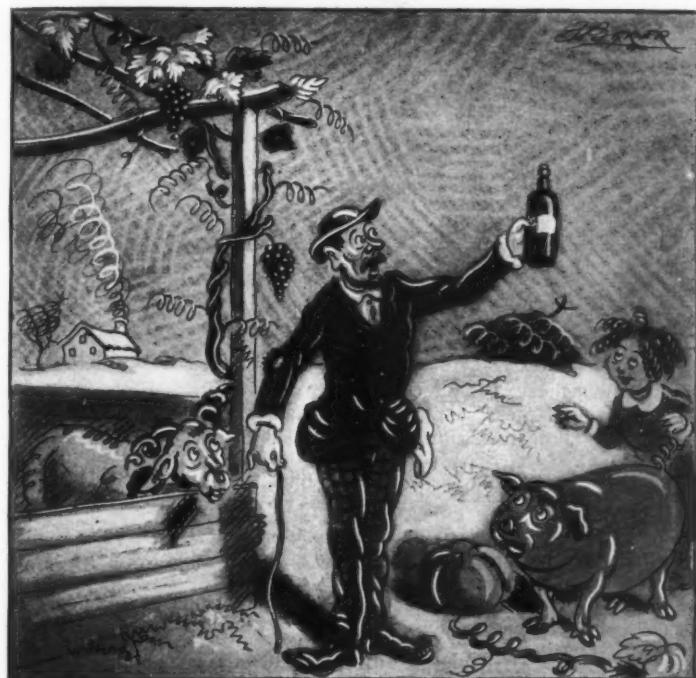
"There's only one train," Father William replied,
"To my Why-pay-rent cot by the sea;
So, should it befall that I miss the express,
I could n't get back until three."

"You are poor, Father William!" the young man cried,
"Your pocket-book always is thin;
And yet you are earning a corking big wad—
Pray, where have the piastres been?"

"In the suburbs, young man," Father William replied,
"You purchase a part of your nest:
So the Real Estate Co. owns the most of my house,
And it takes all my cash for the rest!"

Kenneth F. H. Underwood.

BETWEEN tips on the races, tips on "sure things," and tips to waiters, a man doesn't need to be very active to "go broke."



DEFECTIVE VISION.

TRAMP.—Well, of all the tough luck! A bottle of the real stuff, and nothin' around that even looks like a corkscrew!



The Winged Message

Noah's messenger was a dove. In Solomon's time, pigeons were trained to carry messages. Brutus used them at the siege of Modena. They served the Turks in their fights against the Crusaders. In mediæval wars they were more useful than ever before.

France had a carrier-pigeon mail service, with messages reduced by photography and read through a microscope.

Even today carrier pigeons are utilized as news-bearers in isolated parts of Europe.

In America, the land of the telephone, the carrier pigeon is bred only for racing. The winged word has taken the place of the winged messenger.

Pigeons may fly more than a mile a minute, but the telephone is as quick as speech itself.

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Sole Agents
for United States.



COOKIE COULD AFFORD IT.

Young housewives obliged to practice strict economy will sympathize with the sad experience of a Washington woman, says *Lippincott's*.

When her husband returned home one evening he found her dissolved in tears, and careful questioning elicited the reason for her grief.

"Dan," said she, "every day this week I have stopped to look at a perfect love of a hat in Mme. Louise's window. Such a hat, Dan, such a beautiful hat! But the price—well, I wanted it the worst way, but just could n't afford to buy it."

"Well, dear," began the husband recklessly, "we might manage to—"

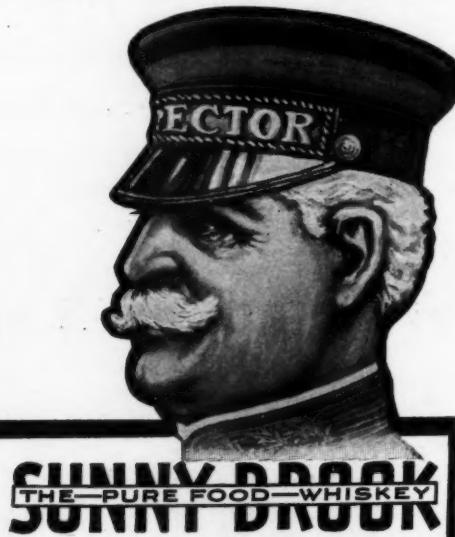
"Thank you, Dan," interrupted the wife, "but there is n't any 'might' about it. I paid the cook this noon, and what do you think? She marched right down herself and bought that hat!"

AN EXPENSIVE SEAT.

"Yes," said a statesman at Washington, "I quit drinking and went on the water-wagon; but I had to fall off again—it was too expensive."

"Too expensive!" said a friend. "Why, I thought it worked the other way round."

"Oh, no," replied the statesman. "It was too expensive! Why, after I had been on the wagon for a time I felt so good I actually had to spend money for breakfast—a meal I never ate in my drinking days; so I figured that was an unnecessary expense and went back to the old life to escape it."—*Saturday Evening Post*.



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The great tonic and stimulating properties of **Sunny Brook** have had much to do toward making us the largest distillers of fine old whiskey in the world. For nearly 50 years **Sunny Brook** has proved of real value to those who now and then require an energy-builder. When energy is lacking efficiency is lacking. Rare, old and mellow whiskey, like **Sunny Brook**, acts as a great up-builder, and makes life worth living.

Sunny Brook is Bottled in Bond—every bottle is sealed with the Government Stamp showing that the contents are genuine, straight natural whiskey, U. S. Standard (100%) proof. This stamp, however, only assures purity, but not quality. Any whiskey Bottled in Bond is genuine straight whiskey, but not all straight whiskies are good whiskies. When you select **Sunny Brook**—The Pure Food Whiskey—then you know that in addition to the assurance of Absolute Purity by the greatest government on the Globe you have a guarantee of Unexcelled Quality by the largest distillers of fine whiskey in the world.

"The Inspector Is Back of Every Bottle"

JUST TO START THEM.

HE.—What are you going to give to Kitty and Jack for a wedding present?

SHE.—Oh, I guess I'll send Kitty the bunch of letters Jack wrote to me when we were engaged.—*Boston Transcript*.

SUSPICIOUS.

"What makes you think the new soprano won't do? At first you said her voice was good."

"I know I did, but none of the other sopranos seems to be jealous of her."—*Washington Star*.

OUGHT TO GET IT.

"On what ground do you seek a divorce, madam?"

"Incompatibility. I want a divorce and my husband does n't."—*Exchange*.

"DROPPED a little at roulette while I was abroad," remarked the ice-man.

"Can't beat that game," said the coal-man.

"Was n't trying to. I just wanted to see how it feels to lose money."—*Washington Herald*.

TAEN and Now

Things have changed. The old stage coach has given place to the automobile. There are thousands of roadside taverns where there were hundreds before. Yet all of them and the palatial city hotels find

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

as popular as it was a century ago. Honestly made from the best Pennsylvania Rye and pure mountain water. Aged in charred wood and bottled in bond.

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A TRANSFORMATION.



"Look, my Lulu, at the pretty mousquetaire! My goodness, in a little while he will be a Scotchman."—*Le Rire*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

A French medical weekly records a way of discouraging over-enterprising tradesmen. One of these sent a Strasburg doctor a box of cigars which had not been ordered, together with a bill for fifteen marks. The accompanying letter stated that "I have ventured to send these on my own initiative, being convinced that you will appreciate their exquisite flavor." In due course the doctor replied: "You have not asked me for a consultation, but I venture to send you three prescriptions, being convinced that you will be quite as well satisfied with them as I am with your cigars. As my charge for a prescription is five marks, this will make us quits."—*London Chronicle*.

BOTH SUITED.

FOND MOTHER.—How do you like your new governess, Johnny?

JOHNNY.—Oh, I like her ever so much.

FOND MOTHER.—Why do you like her?

JOHNNY.—Oh, she's awful nice. She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not so long as papa pays her salary.—*Stray Stories*.

A GOOD TIME FISHING

is insured by taking along a good supply of

Evans' Ale

It has given new meaning to "Fisherman's Luck," and saved the day for many fishermen. There's no outing occasion that will not be the better for it.

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AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

A notable housekeeper of the past generation, before the days of screens, had just announced that she never had any flies.

"But, Aunt Augusta," faltered the timid visitor, "it seems to me that I saw a few in the dining-room."

"Oh, those," replied her aunt, with a majestic wave of the hand, "were the neighbors' flies. They come in occasionally. But, as I was saying, we never have any of our own." — *Youth's Companion*.

EVERYTHING ARRANGED.

DAMSEL.—You must ask mamma.
SUITOR.—But your mother is away from home.

DAMSEL.—Yes, but she's left an affirmative answer in the gramophone. — *Megendorfer Blätter*.

UNWELCOME CALLER.

"Opportunity really knocks at many a door."

"Then why don't more of us succeed better?"

"The trouble is that Opportunity wants us to go to work." — *Louisville Courier-Journal*. — *Adv.*

"SEEING AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy
Northern Pacific
Railway.

YELLOWSTONE PARK:
GREAT FALLS, FROM FOOT OF TRAIL.

WHY IT FAILED.

"And why did the elopement fall through?"

"We had a signal arranged. She told me to come to her window and make a noise like a robin. I did so."

"Yes."

"Then her father popped out and made a noise like a shotgun." — *Ex.*

THE POLITICIAN ABROAD.

HOME-COMER.—What has become of the Honorable Mr. Bluff, the great American politician?

HOST.—Oh, he got rich through his interest in city contracts and bought an estate in England. — *New York Weekly*.

NELL.—Is n't Alice going to marry Jack?

BELLE.—I don't know. She says she hates to give up the one-dollar-fifty shows for the ten-cent motion-pictures. — *Baltimore Sun*.

A well-known Editor's view of Cocktails

I sometimes drink a cocktail. In fact, I like a cocktail when towards evening the fatigues of the day begin to tell on me. Some people like a cocktail as an appetizer, but everybody who likes a cocktail likes a good one. For a good while I have kept in my house, whether in the country or in town, the Club Cocktails in bottles, more for convenience than anything else. I knew they were good and I liked them, but just why they were so good did not occur to me until some one, speaking of the vast quantities of these that the Messrs. Heublein must make in a "batch," led me to this sort of reasoning. Barkeepers, and even one's self, in mixing cocktails, necessarily cannot have a uniform and exact quantity of ingredients in each one. A few drops more or less of either ingredient greatly changes the nature of the product. In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again, recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails by the time they are used by the consumer may have been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several varieties prepared by the Heublein Brothers, particularly Manhattan, Dry Manhattan, Martini, Dry Martini, and Brut Martini, all excellent. — *Adv.*

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A GOOD PATRON.



PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS who has become absorbed in a problem and who has already covered the entire marble-top table with figures. — Waiter, bring me another glass of water and another table.

— *Fliegende Blätter*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD.



I.
OLD MAN PULPY.—A fine morning for a stroll!
MISS PARKSADDLE.—What a fine morning for my ride!



II.
OLD MAN PULPY.—D——n! There goes my hat!
MISS PARKSADDLE.—Mercy! There goes my hat!



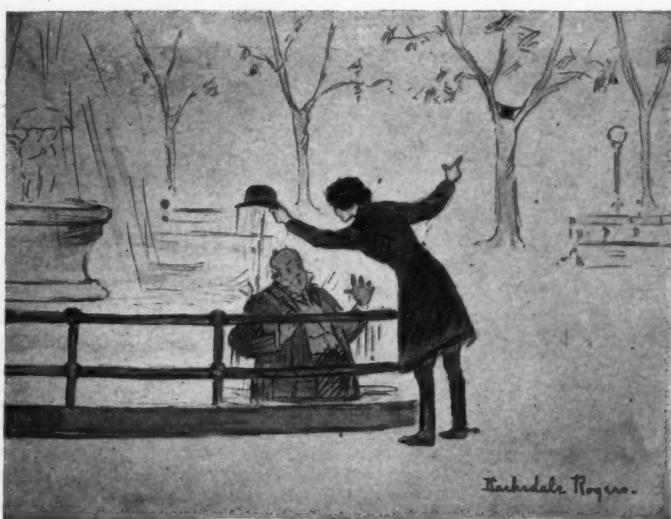
III.
OLD MAN PULPY.—No help for it, I suppose. I'm in for a wetting.
MISS PARKSADDLE.—Oh! What a gallant old gentleman!



IV.
OLD MAN PULPY.—I'll catch my death, very likely, but d——n it, that was a new hat!
MISS PARKSADDLE.—And they say the age of chivalry is dead!

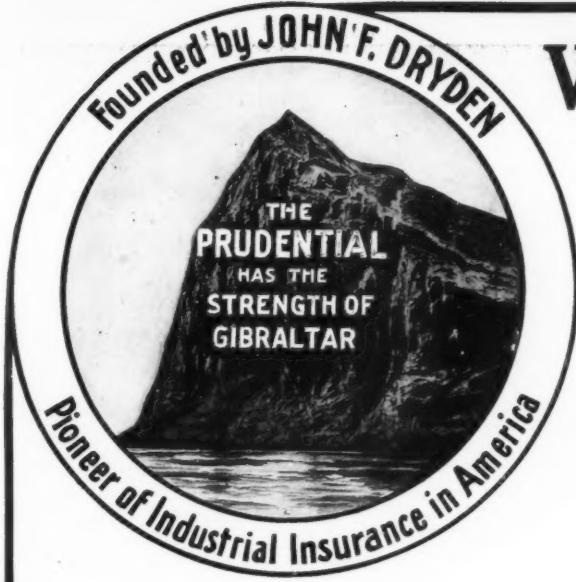


V.
OLD MAN PULPY.—Now to get out of here and get dry as soon as I can.
MISS PARKSADDLE.—I wonder why he's wearing it?



VI.
MISS PARKSADDLE.—Thank you ever and ever so much!
There's *your* hat up in the tree!

Markdale Rogers.



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SILICUS.—What is the age of discretion?

CYNICUS.—There isn't any. I know a man over seventy who married his fourth wife the other day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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JEWEL THIEF (mistaking his taxi).—Way ye go, Jim! HARD!
CHAUFFEUR (with his mouth full, deliberately).—Well . . . I was just gettin' my bit o' dinner . . . —Punch.

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GOING SOME.

An old man nearly eighty years old walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way?" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first rate," the old man replied, genially. "That is, I did till I came to that sign out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me back some."—*Argonaut.*

STUNG.

TIGHTWAD.—Were you out when he came to borrow that ten?

EASYSMARK.—No; but I was when he left.—*Pelican.*



This Summer:
Yellowstone Park Plan to visit America's only Geyserland during season June 15 to September 15. See Geysers, Cataracts, Canyons, Snow-capped Peaks, Mirror Lakes, Crystal Streams. See Beasts, Birds and Gamey Fish. Take along your rod and reel and enjoy great sport with the Yellow-stone Trout. Go via

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